

CHANDAMAMA

OCTOBER 1970



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MADRAS - 26



Anand nearly lost his Scholarship!

ON EXAMS. DAY...

Anand, write your answers properly, Remember, you must retain your scholarship.



AT THE EXAMS. HALL...

oh, such an easy paper



AN HOUR LATER.....

Don't know how my pen is clogged



How can I finish in time?



Don't worry Anand Take this Camlin pen and Camel Ink and start



Ah, this ink writes fine, looks very bright too. I will finish in time



Anand finishes in time.....



ON THE DAY RESULTS ARE OUT..



Remember, **Camel Ink** and **Camlin pen** write smoothly Always Insist on **Camel**





We were rather surprised and flattered, by the number of nice letters we have received from readers. Nevertheless we are not sitting back thinking we are good. The Editor and his Staff are busy with a lot of bright ideas and new features, to make this magazine even more popular.

Already more pages have been added, to make room for new and fascinating stories from all parts of the world.

But naturally, we shall always be delighted to hear what our readers have to say.

Printed by B. V. Reddi at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and published by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Sarada Binding Works, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras-26. Controlling Editor : "Chakrapani".

Vol. 1

No. 4

OCTOBER 1970





THE FIRST PAIR OF SHOES

The children came home with their bare feet covered in dust, after playing out in the open the whole day long. All of them, except a little boy named Ramu, headed straight for the bathroom, where they washed and dried their feet.

Grandfather observed this and turning to Ramu he said, "Ramu, why don't you go and wash your feet like the others?"

"He hates to wash his feet, grandfather!" cried the other children.

"What's the use of washing my feet grandfather?" said Ramu, "they will only get dirty again."

Grandfather laughed at Ramu's logic and said, "Ramu reminds me of the king in a story that I know." The child-

ren hearing this crowded round their grandfather and begged him to tell them his story.

Grandfather took a large pinch of snuff, made himself comfortable and began his tale thus.

Once upon a time there lived a king who hated getting his feet dirty. After walking only a few yards, he would have his feet cleaned with a soft cloth or washed in rose water. He spent so much time in having this done, that he had hardly any time for any of his other affairs. This worried him a great deal.

Finally, one day he sent for his minister and said, "I want all the dust to be removed, from all the roads, in my kingdom. If you are not able to complete



this task within a month, I will cut off your head with my sword."

The minister turned white with fright. He hastened away and immediately summoned all the wise men in the kingdom and consulted them as to how he could best carry out the king's command. The wise men spent two whole days in discussing the matter, before they were able to come to any decision.

A hundred thousand sweepers were to be given a broom each and made to sweep the roads throughout the kingdom free of dust.

The sweepers began their task, but the clouds of dust that they raised darkened the sun and set everyone, including

the king, sneezing. He sneezed so much that tears began to roll down his cheeks and his nose became swollen and red.

The king sent for his minister and shouted, "What have you done, man? I asked you to rid the roads in my kingdom of dust, and now you have filled the air with it! If you do not put an end to this at once I will have your head."

Again the minister called the wise men together and sought their advice. They suggested that the roads should be drenched with water and thus freed of dust.

A million hands drew water from all the wells in the kingdom and every road was thoroughly washed. As a result of this all the wells in

the kingdom went dry and there was not a drop of water left, even to drink.

The king realized that the drought had been caused by his minister. He was very angry and sent for him. "Minister," he cried, "it is really my misfortune to have you for my minister! In solving one problem you create several worse ones. I will give you one more day in which to rid the roads in my kingdom of dust, without creating any other problems and if you fail, your head will roll tomorrow at sunset."

The minister was very frightened and upset. Once again he summoned the wise men

and this time they suggested that all the roads in the kingdom should be covered with leather.

The minister went to the king with this suggestion and the king was pleased and said, "Now you speak like a sensible man. Call all the cobblers in my kingdom together."

All the cobblers from all over the kingdom came to the palace. The king had them ushered into his presence and said, "Cobblers of my kingdom, how long will it take to cover all the roads in my kingdom with leather?"

One of the oldest of the cobblers replied, "Your Majesty, it will not be an easy



task. Many cattle will have to be slaughtered. If the cows are killed there will be no milk for the babies and then the babies will die of starvation. If the bullocks are killed there will be no animals to plough the fields. If the fields are not ploughed, then there will be no food for the people."

The king frowned and looked angrily at his minister for putting forward such a proposal.

He was on the point of drawing his sword and cutting off the minister's head, when a young cobbler begged permission to say something.

"Your Majesty, instead of covering all the roads with leather, which will not only be very expensive, but quite unnecessary, why don't we cover the soles of your feet with leather. I will make you a pair of leather covers for your

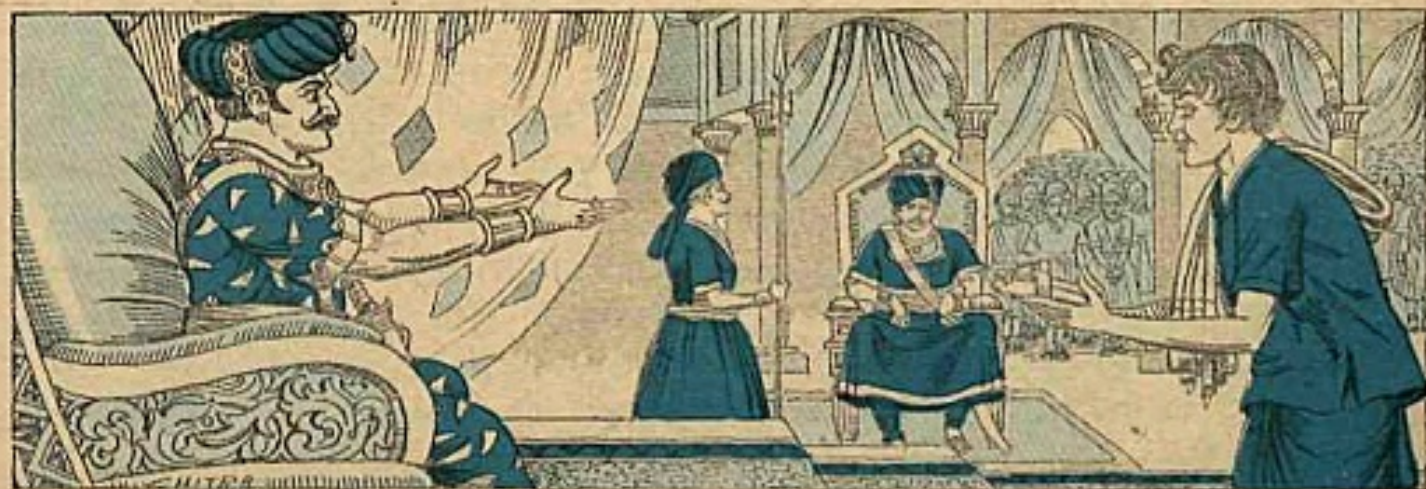
feet by tomorrow morning."

The next morning the cobbler arrived at the palace with the leather covers, which were the first pair of shoes to be made in the world, and put them on the king's feet.

The king walked in them and was very happy and pleased, because not only did they fit him perfectly, but they kept his feet clean and free of dust.

He gave the young cobbler a very handsome reward for his cleverness and his ingenuity. And he sent the minister home in disgrace.

"As for you Ramu," said grandfather, "if you do not like to wash your feet, because they only get dirty again, why don't you wear shoes like the king in my story did? and this applies to all of you, children. You should all wear shoes when you go out to play."



STORY FROM EGYPT

THE GOLDEN FOOT

More than two thousand years ago in the land of Ancient Egypt a young lad named Kut and his twin sister Nefos were in the fields beside the great River Nile, collecting bundles of reeds. These reeds were called papyrus and they sold them to be made into a kind of writing-paper.

Their reed-boat was almost full. Kut was collecting the last few armfuls, but Nefos wandered happily away to where she could gather some lovely flowers to take home.

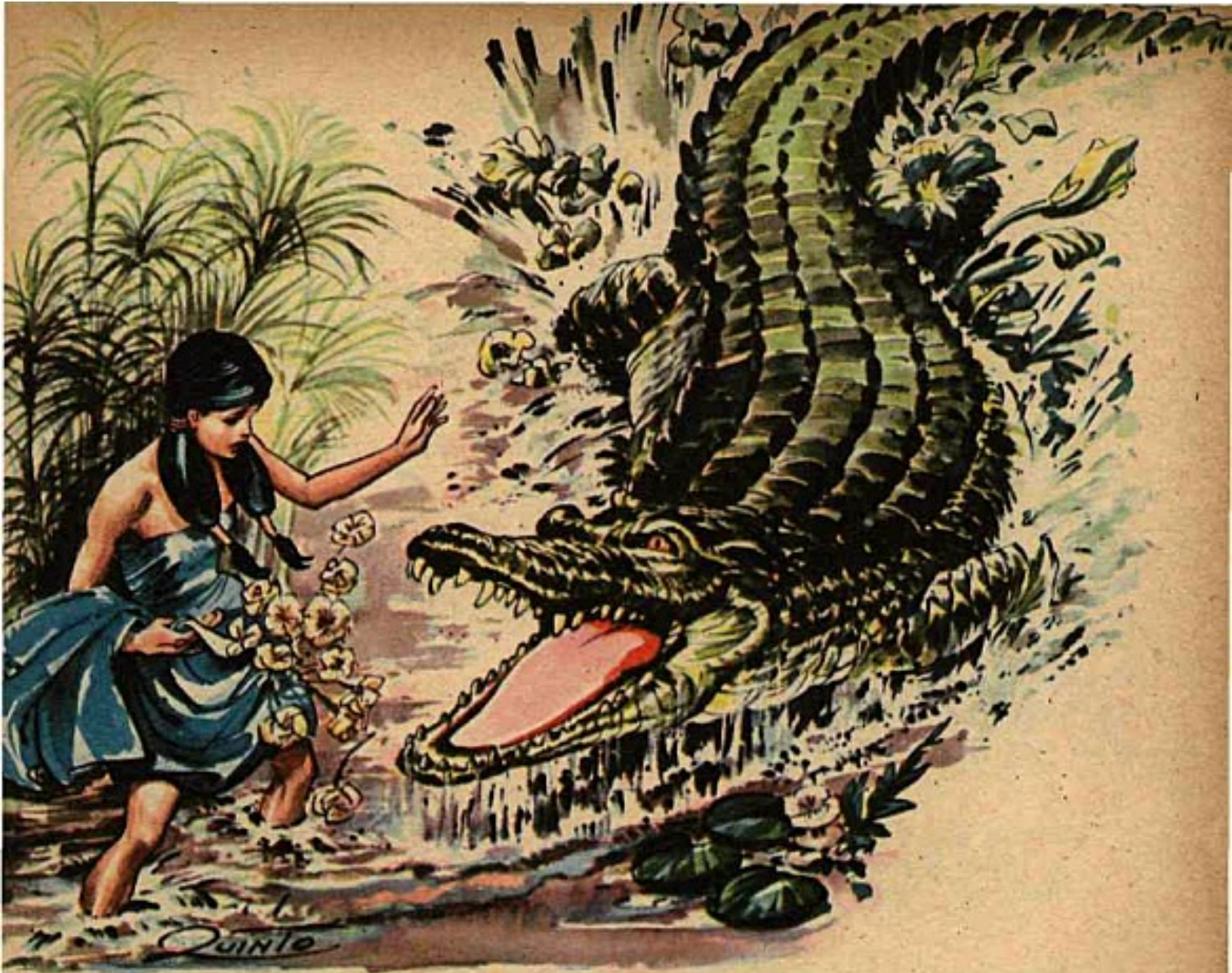
In a clear pool Nefos saw a clump of beautiful water-lilies. Slipping off her sandals she

waded in. Suddenly there was a bubbling and a swirling and a huge crocodile rose out of the water and snapped at her ankle.

She screamed. Kut was a her side in a moment. He drove off the monster and pulled his sister to safety.

"Your poor ankle—it is badly bitten," he exclaimed. "Lie there while I run to fetch our reed-boat to carry you home. You will not be able to walk."

While her brother sped away, a terrible weakness came over Nefos. Her ankle hurt dreadfully—but this was nothing compared to the pain of knowing that she would never again be



able to walk on that foot.

Her eyes flooded with tears. Then there was a rustle of wings and the sound of birds alighting. It was a flock of sacred ibis birds. One of them advanced towards Nefos and to her dazed vision seemed to become the tall figure of a man with a head like that of a bird.

In a flash Nefos knew him. "You are the god Thoth!" she whispered. "Please help me."

"Little one, be not afraid," he replied. "I am the Egyptian god of healing and I will help you. But first you must promise to keep my help secret from all people."

Nefos promised. What happened next she did not really remember. All she knew was that she suddenly felt well again, and when Kut came running towards her, she stood up and danced to meet him.

Kut looked at her in surprise. By some strange magic, Nefos was now wearing one gold shoe. It came up above her damaged ankle and fitted so perfectly that it looked exactly like a golden foot.

"It is so wonderful," gasped Kut. "But—how?"

Nefos shook her head. She would not tell him. Not even her brother must know the secret she had promised to keep.

In the months that followed, Nefos worked and played as happily as ever she had done. She kept the golden foot hidden with the hem of her long robe

and wore a sandal, so that on-lookers only saw what they thought was a gold ankle bracelet.

It was a happiness that did not last. After a while poor Kut fell ill with a sickness that nothing seemed to cure. They became very poor. By herself, Nefos could not gather enough reeds to sell.

At last, without saying a word

Nefos saw the tall figure of a man with a head like that of a bird. "Please help me," she said.





to her brother, Nefos went into the city to a shop where Nebka, the goldsmith lived. After making him promise to keep it a secret she sold him the golden foot and sadly hobbled away. Now she was lame and could not walk properly, but at least she had money enough to buy food for Kut.

As she limped homewards she passed two priests. One was talking about a great temple many miles away in the desert, where prayers were granted. When Nefos heard this she longed to make the journey and pray that her brother should

be healed—but now that her golden foot was gone she was too lame to get there.

That night she cried herself to sleep.

In the Royal Palace of Pharaoh, the Egyptian ruler, lived Sekar, a rich young lawyer who often bought things of beauty from Nebka the goldsmith. One morning he found Nebka bubbling over with excitement.

From a wrapping of linen Nebka brought out the golden foot and Sekar could hardly believe his own eyes.

"It is beautiful—it must belong to the statue of a goddess," he said. "Where is the rest of the statue?"

"Be not angry, gracious one," said Nebka, "but the rest of the figure is of no value. I cannot say more."

"Very well, but I intend to find out," said Sekar. He had thought of the lonely temple in the desert and made up his mind to go there and pray that he might find the answer.

Sekar set out that same day with Abu his faithful servant. After three hard days they were only halfway there, when suddenly they saw a figure lying on the sand. It was Nefos.

She was unable to stagger one step farther, and the tracks in the sand showed that she had come from the temple.

"Master, I know her," said Abu. "She is called Nefos and just lately she has been a cripple with one lame foot. Her brother is sick and doubtless she has made the long journey to the temple to pray that he be cured."

Nefos opened her eyes. She saw the golden foot in Sekar's hand, and her expression told him all he wanted to know.

It was with great rejoicing that Sekar took Nefos as his bride into the palace.

"I was going to offer a prayer, but it has been answered," he said. "I know now who the golden foot belongs to."

When they returned to the city, Nefos was overjoyed to find that her prayer had also been answered. Kut was well again. Not long after Nefos and Sekar were married.





THE BLACK HEN

Sumung was a tribal youth who was admired by everyone. It is said that he was a favourite of the King of Siripur, who had even offered Sumung his daughter's hand in marriage, but Sumung had refused the honour.

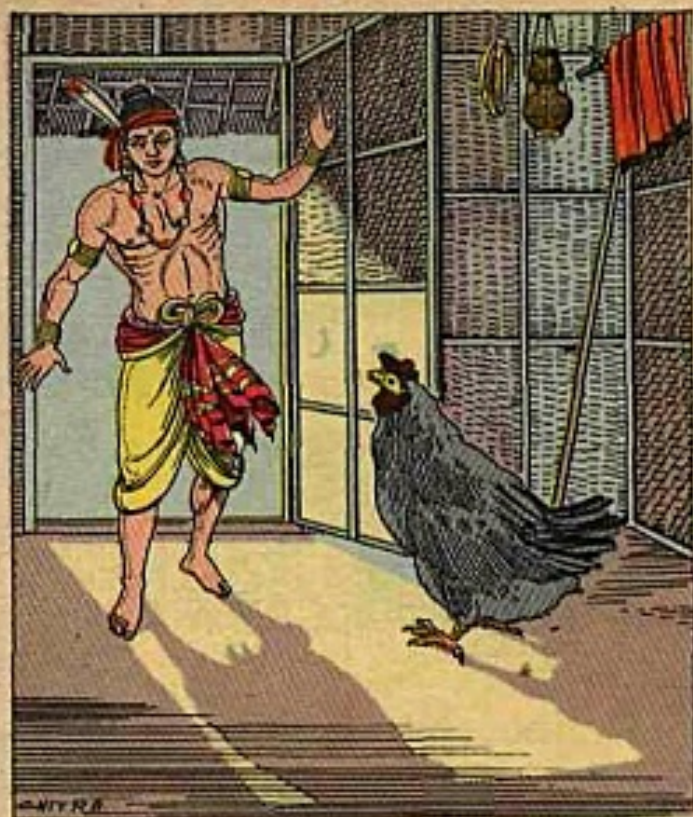
Sumung's mother could not understand her son's attitude towards marriage. At every opportunity she would plead with him to get married. Invariably Sumung would reply, "Not yet mother. I will not marry until I meet someone whom I can really love and cherish."

At this the mother would throw up her arms in disgust, and go about the place muttering about sons who had no feelings and did not know their own minds.

In the end Sumung became fed up with his mother's perpetual nagging over marriage, and he decided that he would travel throughout the kingdom in the hope of finding a young woman he could love.

He set out in bold spirits, but soon found himself walking endless miles on his mission. In his wanderings he saw plenty of attractive maidens, but no, not the one for him.

Towards dusk one day, he came to a small tribal village, that only comprised of about twelve huts. Apart from some cattle and goats wandering idly about, everyone must have been either sleeping or still in the fields attending their crops. Foot-sore and weary, Sumung decided to try and find someone



to provide him with food and shelter.

Glancing through the window of one of the huts, he was astonished to see a girl of breathtaking beauty, busy doing the cooking. Sumung knew that this was the loveliest maiden he had ever seen and he immediately thought, "If I ever get married, it must be to this maiden."

As if his unspoken thought had been heard, the girl looked up, and as their eyes met, she gave a sharp cry and disappeared from sight.

Sumung was determined to meet this wonderful girl. He went round to the door of the hut and knocked. There was no reply, so he opened the door

and went inside, but where was the girl? All he could see was a clucking black hen which flew out through the window. Sumung searched every nook and cranny, but the girl had certainly disappeared; all that he found was the food she had cooked, and what tasty food it looked.

Sumung was puzzled, and decided to wait outside the hut for the girl to return. A little later, an elderly man and his wife came to the hut.

"Good evening," said Sumung. "I wonder if you would give me some food and shelter for the night, for which I will pay you."

"Certainly, and for no payment," said the woman as she went into the hut. "Our hut is small but you are very welcome."

When they sat down to eat, Sumung's curiosity could wait no longer. Turning to the man he asked, "Tell me, who was the beautiful girl I saw in here when I arrived?"

The man looked puzzled. "You must be mistaken. Only my wife and myself live here."

"But I saw the girl in this very room," said Sumung.

"I tell you sir, we know

nothing of this girl you talk about," retorted the man.

Sumung pointed to the food. "Then tell me who cooked this food?"

"That is a mystery," the woman said. "Each morning when we get up, freshly cooked food is placed on the table. And every evening when we come home, our dinner is ready to eat."

"But surely you must have some idea as to who this girl, who cooks your food every morning and evening is and where she comes from?"

The old man frowned. "All I can tell you is, that two weeks ago, a black hen flew into the hut. We asked our neighbours if they knew who the owner was, but nobody claimed the hen. It sleeps in the hut every night, and ever since it's been here our food has been cooked. But I have never known a hen that could cook."

Just then the black hen flew in through the window, and the old woman picked it up and put it under a basket in the corner. "Come now, it is time for bed. We can talk of beautiful girls and black hens in the morning."

Sumung made up his mind to stay awake during the night

to watch the black hen. Although he was positive that there must be some connection between the black hen and the girl, he just could not puzzle out a suitable answer.

Just before day break, Sumung saw the black hen lift up the basket and go into the kitchen. Careful not to make a sound, Sumung peeped through a crack in the door, and had the surprise of his life, for the hen shook itself vigorously and its body seemed to fall apart, and then, rising as if from the very ground, was the beautiful maiden.

At first Sumung thought his eyes were playing tricks, but it





was the same girl, and as he watched, she started to prepare the breakfast.

Sumung tip-toed back to his bed, resolved that come what may, he would soon possess the black hen and the girl.

Later, when he sat down to the morning meal with the elderly couple, Sumung wasted no time. "Father" he said to the old man. "I want to buy the black hen, and here are two pieces of gold in payment."

"But this is nonsense" the old man replied. "The hen never lays any eggs and you offer two gold pieces. Why, you can buy a dozen hens for less than that!"

"I must have the black hen," insisted Sumung. "And instead of two pieces of gold, I will pay you four gold pieces."

Four pieces of gold was more money than the elderly couple had ever seen, so they gladly gave Sumung the hen, thinking he must be a little demented.

Sumung returned home clutching his precious hen in his arms. As soon as his mother saw him, she blurted out. "Well did you find someone good enough to marry?"

"Yes mother, and here she is," said Sumung, holding up the hen.

Sumung's mother thought



he was either off his head or joking. And when he told her all that had happened, she threw up her hands in despair, wondering what everyone would say to such a marriage.

Sumung's mind was full of the girl and the hen, and he sat and patiently waited for the girl to emerge. When dusk came, the hen made its way to the kitchen and as before shook its feathers and the girl emerged. Sumung rushed forward and clasped the girl in his arms.

"Tell me who are you? And why are you in the form of a hen?"

"I am Jantri, the daughter of a king," replied the girl,

trying to break loose. "A magician changed me into a black hen and I only regain my human form for one hour at daybreak and one hour at sunset. Only when I marry will this evil spell be broken."

Sumung's eyes moistened at the girl's sad story. "Forget the past. I will marry you and make you happy."

Sumung's mother overheard all this, and looking into the kitchen she saw the carcass of the black hen on the floor. Thinking she would rid them of the hen, she snatched up the carcass and rushed out of the house. Close by someone had lit a bonfire, so Sumung's

mother threw the carcass into the fire.

Jantri suddenly screamed, and fell to the floor moaning. "I am burning, the black hen's body must be on fire."

Sumung discovered the black hen's body had gone, and dashing out of the house, saw his mother standing over the bonfire. He quickly stamped out the fire with his feet, and picking up the slightly charred body of the hen, hurried back to Jantri, who now seemed to have recovered.

A little later Jantri merged back into the body of the hen, and Sumung jealously guarded his precious black hen through the night.

Next morning, with the black hen in his arms, Sumung went to the village elders and announced his intention to marry the hen.

Everyone laughed at such an

absurdity, but the chief of the elders shook his head and sternly admonished Sumung. "Young man, if you insist on marrying this black hen, you will be banished from the tribe for life."

"So be it father," said Sumung with a smile. "Let me first marry this black hen, then you can banish me."

At first the elders disagreed that such a ceremony should be performed. But Sumung stood his ground and finally they had no other alternative but to send for the priest.

No sooner had the priest started reciting the holy texts, when Jantri emerged from the body of the black hen. Everyone was astonished, and marvelled at the bride's radiant beauty.

All talk of banishment was forgotten, and the whole village rejoiced with the happy couple.



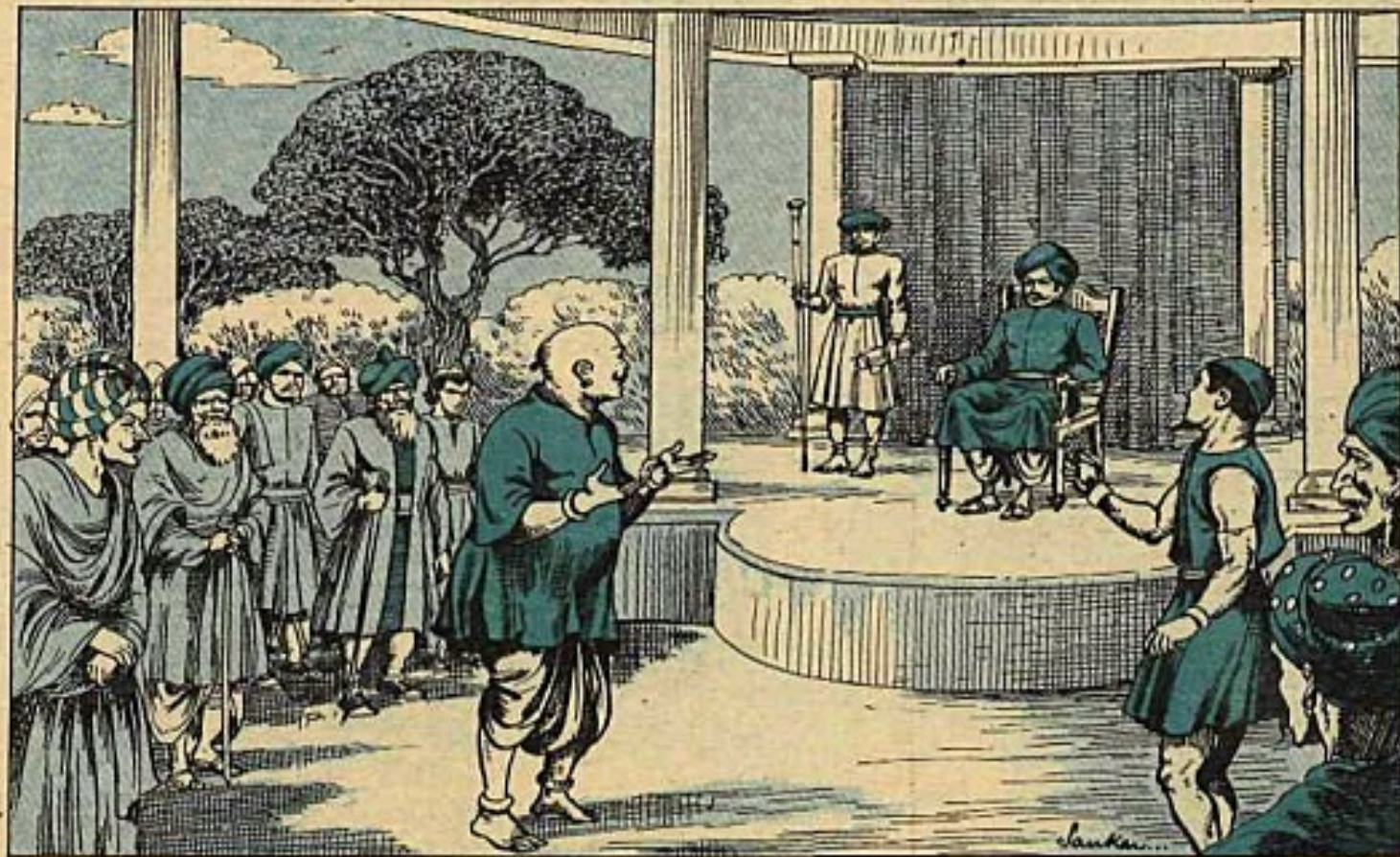
THE WISE JUDGE

A long time ago the Chief Justice of the King's Court in Srinagar was renowned throughout the land for his wisdom. It was said that no matter how cunningly false evidence was made to appear the truth, the judge could always discern right from wrong and give fair judgement.

The King continually heard stories about this wise judge,

and so one day he decided to disguise himself as a peasant; go to the Court and see if the judge was as clever as everyone said.

That day the judge was confronted with a curious case. Two men each claimed to be the owner of a horse. Both men swore that the other man had asked for a lift, and neither man could produce a single





witness to vouch for his story.

The judge ordered that the horse in question be put with twenty other horses. But when this was done, each of the two men without hesitation picked out the right horse.

Everyone including the King, thought that here was a case the judge could not solve. But,

lo and behold, the judge announced which of the two men owned the horse, and ordered that the other claimant, who had given false evidence, should be publicly whipped.

The King could not understand how the judge had arrived at his decision. So he made himself known to the judge and requested an explanation.

"Your Majesty," said the judge, "It really was quite simple. I knew that both men would easily identify the horse, but what I wanted to know was which man would be identified by the horse. If you had observed closely, you would have seen that the horse was obviously happy to see the first of the two men."

The King congratulated the judge on his wisdom, and ordered that the judge be rewarded for his services to the State.





TO WIN A PRINCESS

Many , many years ago, there was a small kingdom in northern India, ruled by a monarch who was a good king in many ways. The centre of all his thoughts and affection was his only daughter, a really beautiful princess.

The king always felt that one day the princess would marry a great prince and become the queen of a vast empire. Unfortunately when she was but eighteen years of age, the princess fell ill with a mysterious disease which no doctor in the land could fathom.

Doctors, sages, astrologers and sorcerers came to the palace, each suggesting this or that as a cure, but it was of no avail, and it was obvious to everyone that the princess's condition was gradually becoming worse. The king was in the depths of despair.

As a last resort, the king sent out a proclamation far and wide that he would give the princess's weight in gold to any doctor who could cure her of this terrible illness.

Eventually two doctors from Vijayanagar came to the court and after examining the princess, sought an audience with the grief stricken king.

"Your Majesty, this disease is virtually unknown," explained the elder of the two doctors. "No ordinary medicines are of any good, but there is a special type of orange available. If the princess can be given three of these oranges, then she will be restored to health."

The king was perplexed, because he had never heard of anything called oranges. "What are oranges? and where can we obtain three?"

"Sire," replied the physician, "The orange is a fruit, and this special kind of orange only grows in certain areas of central India, a long journey from here."

The king immediately made it known throughout the land, that he would give his daughter's hand in marriage to any man who obtained the three oranges necessary to cure the princess.

Now, not very far from the palace, lived an elderly woman, who had three grown-up sons. The two elder sons did not believe in work, only in the idle pleasures of life. But the youngest of the three, was hard working, in fact, he was the mainstay of the home.

When the eldest son heard of the king's proclamation, he was excited at the dreams of marrying the lovely princess and one day ruling the whole kingdom. He quickly got round his mother, to pack some food and give him what money she had, so he could set off on this journey through India to find the three oranges.

After weeks of travel, he found the oranges and packing them safely in a basket, lost no time on his journey back to win the hand of the princess.

With the kingdom in sight, but tired after so many weeks of travel, he decided to rest a while by the roadside. As he lay dreaming of his good fortune to come, a very old woman came ambling along the road, and when she reached our traveller, she asked him what was in his basket.

"Frogs, you silly old woman" came the impatient reply.

"So let them be," replied the old woman and she went her way.

Later the youth arrived at the palace clutching his precious basket, and when he was taken before the king, he exclaimed: "Here, your Majesty, are the three oranges, now I can marry the princess."

The basket was opened, but instead of three oranges being inside, out jumped three fat frogs.

The king was rightly annoyed at such a trick and ordered that the youth be given twenty lashes and then be thrown into prison.

Meanwhile the second son, feeling sure that his elder brother must have failed having been away so long, also set out to find the three oranges. Like his brother, after weeks of travel, he was able to find the

wonderful oranges, which he packed in a basket, and then made haste to return home.

Now it was almost at the same spot that this brother decided to take a rest, and he had hardly closed his eyes, when along came the same old woman, who, eyeing the basket he held so tightly, asked him what was inside.

"Snakes, poisonous snakes, now be on your way," shouted the youth in a threatening voice.

"So let them be," said the old woman, as she ambled off.

After resting, this son quickly went to the palace, and when confronted by the king, held

out the basket saying, "Here are the three oranges, please now announce my marriage to the princess."

When the basket was opened, instead of there being three oranges in it, out slithered three hissing cobras. The guards quickly killed the snakes, and the King ordered that the erring youth be given fifty lashes and imprisonment.

Now the youngest brother, wondering at the long absence of his two brothers, also decided to try and find the oranges. Eventually, he too found the oranges, and like his brothers, rested by the roadside near the end of his travels.



He was awakened from his slumber, to see the same old woman standing close by, and she also asked this brother as to what was in his basket.

The youth looked at her with a smile: "Mother, I have three oranges which I gathered many miles away. And these oranges will cure the illness of our fair princess."

"That is wonderful," said the old woman. "And now you will wed the princess."

The youth shook his head: "I do not think the King will be very happy to see his daughter marry a poor fellow such as myself. I will be quite content if I am rewarded with a little money, which will keep my mother in comfort."

"How can a king break his word," said the old woman. "May be he will try to get out of his promise by asking you to perform some impossible tasks."

The old woman pondered for a while: "I will help you. Here is a magic whip, a gold ring and a silver whistle."

"But what do I do with them?" queried the youth. The old woman whispered in his ear as to the uses he could make of these magical items.

The youth duly went to the palace, and when he told the king he had brought the three oranges, the King remembering the past baskets, wondered whether he would see frogs,





snakes or perhaps scorpions this time.

But when the lid was removed from the basket, there lay the three golden oranges. As soon as the princess ate them, a miracle seemed to happen, for she was immediately transformed into radiant health.

The king was overcome with happiness, then of a sudden, he remembered his promise that the princess would marry whomsoever obtained the oranges. An ordinary working youth, this would not do, and the King frowned at such a thought. All the courtiers wondered whether or not he would keep his promise.

The king clasped the youth on the shoulder and said. "You have done well, and you shall marry the princess, providing you do three simple tasks."

The youth readily agreed to undertake any tasks that the king desired.

"Well, your first task is to rid my garden of all the birds that flock there," said the king.

With a smile, the youth went out into the palace garden, cracked his magic whip three times, and every bird flew away.

The king was astonished, and quickly tried to think of a task that would be beyond the youth's ability to perform.

Then it came to him: "Your second task is to get rid of all the hares that are doing so much damage in my garden."

Off went the youth into the garden, and putting the silver whistle to his lips, played a lilting tune, at which hares came loping up to him from all directions. Still playing his whistle, the youth walked back into the palace with all the hares following at his heels.

The king was more than astounded. Then he had a brain-wave. Here at last was a task no one could possibly do. Turning to the youth he said, "For your third task, choose the hare I like best."

The youth knew that whichever hare he selected, the king would say that was not the right one.

"Certainly your Majesty," said the youth. "But before I

choose the hare, let me place this gold ring on the finger of the princess."

The king could not see how this would help the youth in his task, so he agreed, and the youth put the ring given to him by the old woman, onto the princess's finger.

No sooner was the ring on her finger, when it began to shrink in size causing the princess to cry out in pain: "Father this ring is killing me. Please marry me to this youth at once."

The king realised the youth was too clever for him, so in a begging voice, he promised that if the youth loosened the ring, he should marry the princess that very day.

So the youth and the princess were married. His brothers were released from prison, and his mother lived in comfort for the rest of her life.

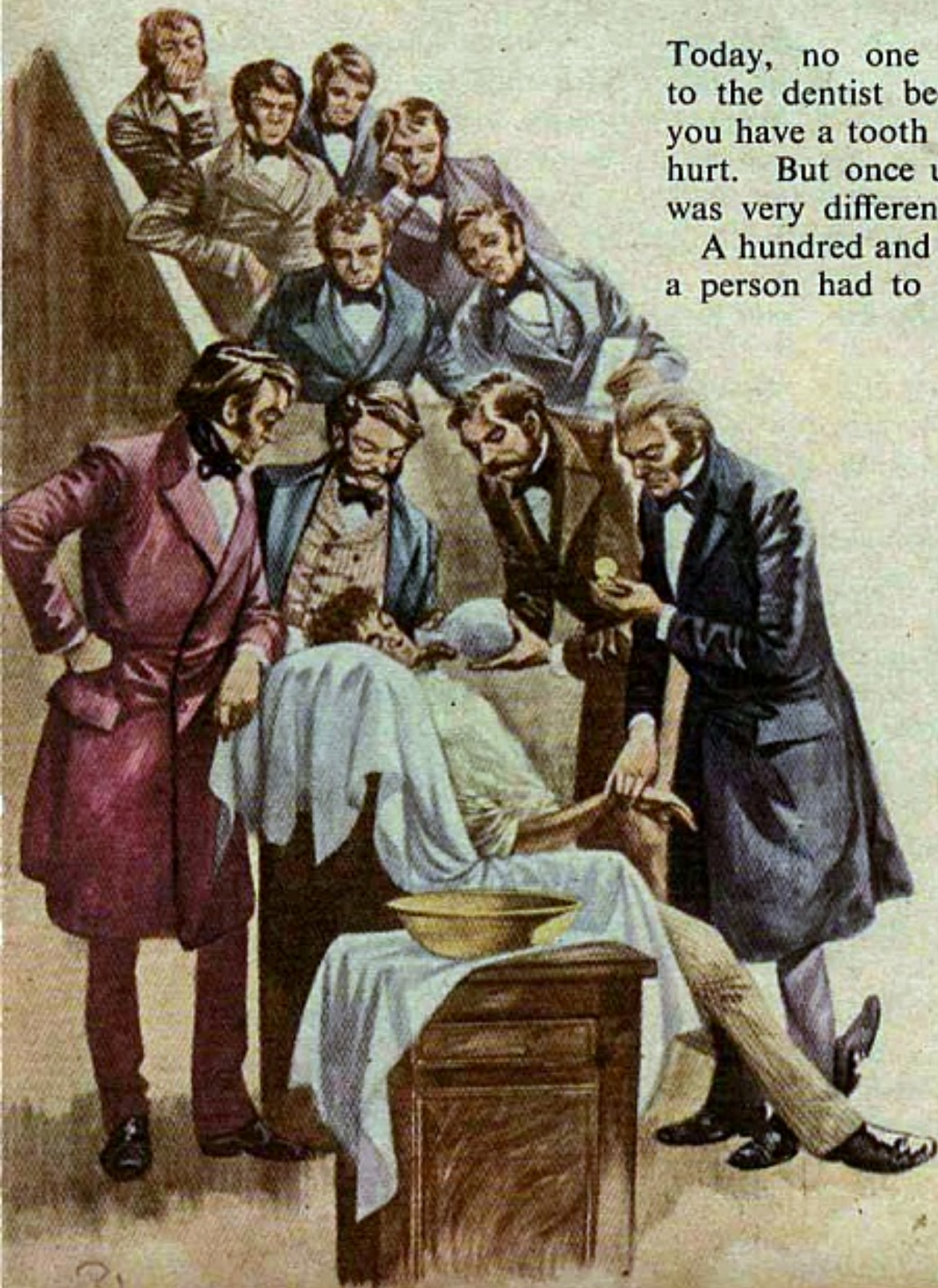


Once upon a time...

Today, no one is really frightened of visiting a dentist or a doctor, but years ago it was different.

Today, no one minds going to the dentist because, even if you have a tooth out, it doesn't hurt. But once upon a time it was very different.

A hundred and fifty years ago a person had to be very brave



to have a tooth out because there were no pain-killing drugs.

For a person who had an operation things were even worse, for there was no way of sending the patient to sleep until the operation was over. Patients had to be tied down on the operating table, because it was the only way of keeping them still while the surgeon performed the operation. Nobody had an operation if it could possibly be avoided.

Then laughing-gas was discovered.

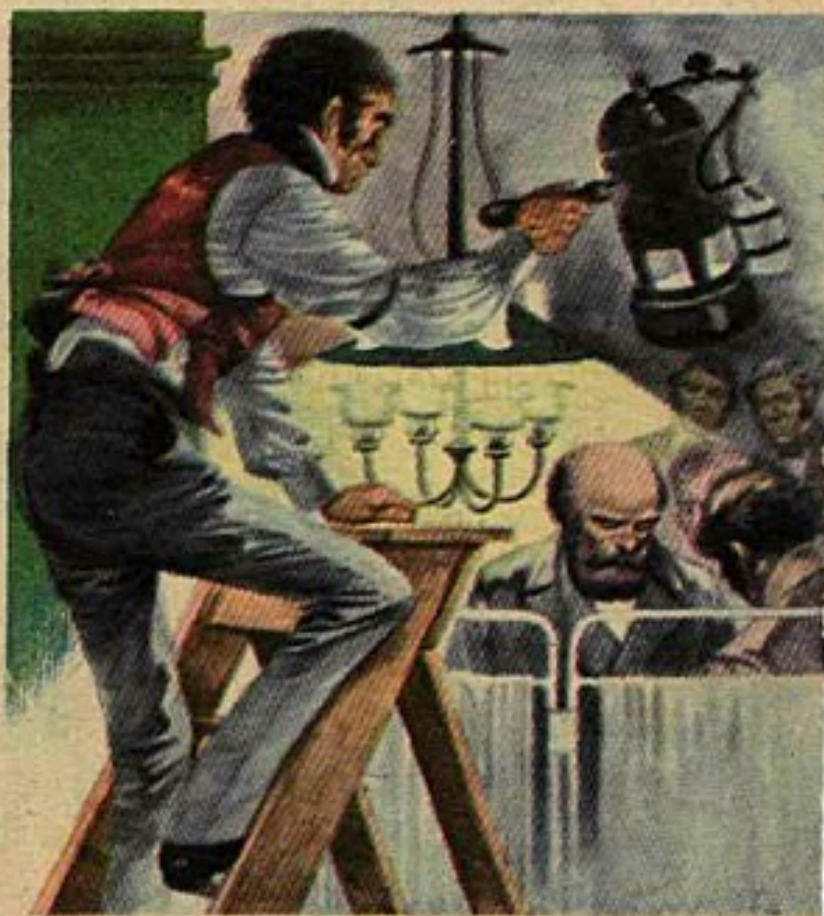
It was called this, because when people breathed it in, it made them feel in a happy, laughing mood.

Soon someone discovered that it had another use. It stopped people feeling pain. Doctors and dentists began to try this new drug on themselves and they found that laughing gas and ether put them to sleep long enough for an operation to be performed. It was called an anaesthetic, and the first time an anaesthetic was given for an operation was just over a hundred years ago.

Lister, the great English surgeon insisted on carbolic sprays in the operating theatre and saved many lives.

But still nobody bothered about cleanliness. The surgeon, who did not want to get his clothes spoilt, usually wore a dirty old coat. Often he did not even bother to wash his hands.

Nobody thought of making sure that the surgeon's instruments were free from all dirt, or that the bandages were kept where they would not get dirty, so it was quite likely that when the operation was finished, dirt would get in the wound. Many patients died and no one knew why.



A great English surgeon named Joseph Lister decided that it was the dirt and germs which made the patients die. He tried using disinfectant when he performed an operation. He used carbolic acid on the dressings, to keep them clean. All the instruments and everyone's hands were treated with carbolic acid, and he even invented a special spray, which sprayed carbolic acid over the patient, the nurses and everything in the room. At the end of the operation those in the room were often soaked, but Lister's patients recovered, while the patients of other surgeons often died.

The nurses who looked after the patients in the hospital were usually rough and ignorant. No young lady from a good home would have been allowed to become a nurse, for it was thought to be an unsuitable career for nice girls.

Then Florence Nightingale and a group of nurses went out to look after the wounded soldiers in the Crimean War. Because of her work, training schools were opened for nurses and only girls who were properly trained could work in hospitals.



THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

(Say it like this . . . Monk-how-sen)

Last month I described to you some of my amazing adventures when out hunting. In my travels I have had a lot to do with animals, and have always been very attracted to them, but there is one which will for ever remain in my memory.

It was a horse—the most handsome and most intelligent horse that the world has ever known. He became mine quite by accident, when I was a guest at Count Probosky's house in Russia.

We were having a splendid meal, all seated round a huge table, piled with good food and drink, when word came that in the yard was a new young horse, which had just arrived from some stables and was for sale.

I remained at the table while some of the younger gentlemen went to look at the horse. We suddenly heard a noise of distress. I hurried outside and found the young horse so unruly that nobody dared to go near

him. He was rearing and lashing out with his hoofs in a most violent manner.

"Allow me, gentlemen," I said.

"Be careful, Baron Munchausen," cried one of the men. "That horse is a fiery creature and will not be ridden."

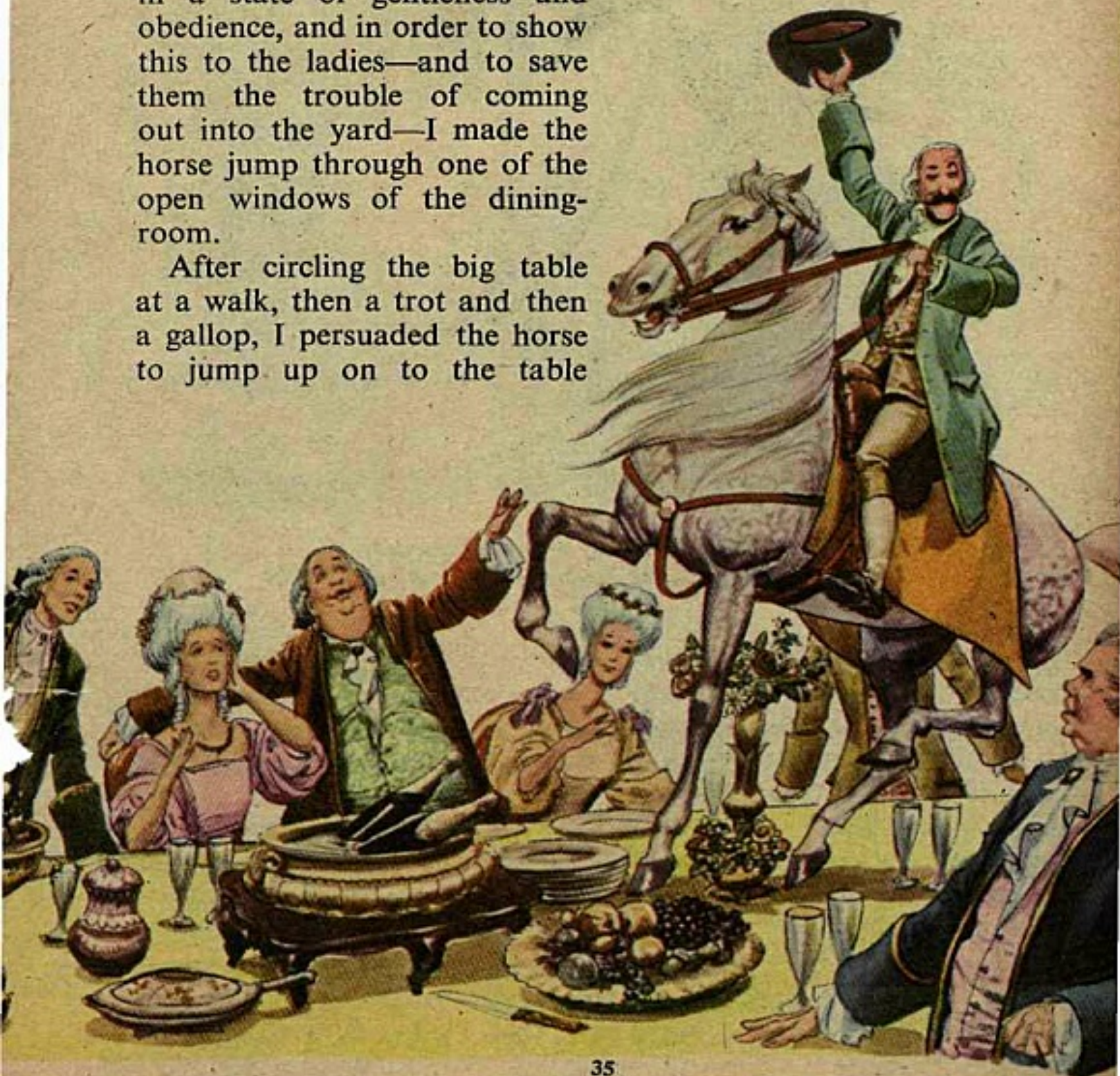
"We shall see about that," I said, snatching at the loose rein.



With one leap I was on the back of the horse, taking him by surprise. It took me only a few seconds to master the animal, for I have a gift for horsemanship. I soon had him in a state of gentleness and obedience, and in order to show this to the ladies—and to save them the trouble of coming out into the yard—I made the horse jump through one of the open windows of the dining-room.

After circling the big table at a walk, then a trot and then a gallop, I persuaded the horse to jump up on to the table

itself, where he trotted and pranced up and down, placing his feet so cleverly that not a single glass was knocked over or broken.





The horse drank and drank as though his thirst could not be satisfied.

The ladies all clapped their hands with delight and Count Probosky was so pleased with the performance that he insisted that the amazing horse should be mine as a gift.

"Thank you, my dear count," I said. "This horse is a proud and noble steed and I shall call him Emperor."

That is how I became the owner of Emperor, and nobody

but myself could ride him. We were together in many other amazing adventures, one of which was in the war against the Turks.

I had the honour to lead a regiment of soldiers to capture a city held by the Turks, and it was on account of Emperor's speed that we had a great victory.

The Turks were inside the

city walls waiting for an attack, and I thought of a plan to baffle the enemy.

I set Emperor towards the city at a fast gallop, but weaved him from side to side in a zig-zag manner. His thudding hoofs beat on the hard, dusty ground, sending up clouds of dust that hung in the air like banks of thick fog.

The Turks could not hit such a fast-moving target as my gallant horse, nor could they see my soldiers who were hidden in the dust-clouds. I was able to reach the city gate and I galloped through it. Inside, I saw the terrified Turks running away through the other city gate at the far end.

It was a wonderful victory and I stopped in the marketplace, to await the arrival of my soldiers.

They seemed to be a long time coming, but could not be far off, so to pass the time I

walked my horse to a nearby horse-trough to let him drink.

I knew that he would be thirsty, but he drank and drank as though his thirst could never be satisfied.

Glancing round to see if my men were coming, I soon saw the reason for all his drinking.

All the hind-quarters of my horse were gone—cut clean off! The water ran out as fast as it ran in, without the animal keeping a drop of it.

How had this come to pass? I could not account for it at all, until at last one of my soldiers came up and told me what had happened.

It appeared that when I charged recklessly into the city, one of the Turks had suddenly let fall the portcullis of the gate, which had come down and cut the hind-quarters of my horse clean off. This back part of the horse, not being able to enter the town, had gone off to





We were both like heroes, with our own crown of laurel leaves.

a meadow not far away.

"Good—I will find it," I said.

I turned without delay and my horse's fore-quarters carried me, at a gallop, towards the meadow. To my great joy I there found the other part trotting happily among other horses that were grazing in the field.

"Have patience, Emperor," I smiled, patting my horse's head. "You will not be like Humpty Dumpty, whom all the King's horses and all the King's men could not put together again."

I called for the army farrier, a very clever fellow with horses. He saw at once what the problem was and put the two parts of horse together again, using some sticky sap from a nearby laurel tree as a sort of glue to fix the joins.

It was a great success. The two parts healed together perfectly—but there was one strange result.

For some reason, small shoots of laurel tree began to spring from Emperor's body and grew into a kind of tall arch, which surrounded me as I sat in the saddle. When I returned from the battle with my glorious horse, we were both like heroes with our own crown of laurel leaves!



THE HAUNTED RICE FIELDS

Rangapur was a small village, and the people who lived there had always been content, although none of them could boast of being rich. The trouble was that the land surrounding the village on three sides, was quite barren, and utterly useless for growing crops. But on the northern side there was good fertile land, which had always yielded fine crops of paddy, sugar cane and pulses.

But in recent years, this rich fertile land was no longer being cultivated, and the villagers eyed it with terror, for there was no doubt that it was haunted. Why, it was only last year that one of the villagers had been found dead in one of the paddy fields, and another who crossed

that land during the night was discovered in a ditch, quite demented, gibbering about ghosts.

A young fellow named Subodh had left the village years ago, to study law at Benares. He now returned to the village a learned man, well versed in the ways of the world. But on his return, he was dismayed to find the village looking dilapidated, and its people sitting around in the depths of dejection.

He sought out the elders of the village and asked them why everyone was looking poor and half starved and why the fields were not being cultivated.

"My friend," said one old man, with a gloomy shake of his head. "We are no longer

living, but slowly dying. Our lands no longer belong to us. They are possessed by the ghosts and ghouls."

Subodh could not believe his ears. "Nonsense," he replied. "You are being foolish for there are no such things as ghosts and ghouls."

At this, all the elders tried to speak at once of the weird lights that had been seen at night; the howling and screaming of the ghosts, that made people hide under their beds and children whimper with fear.

Subodh did not know what to think, but it was obvious

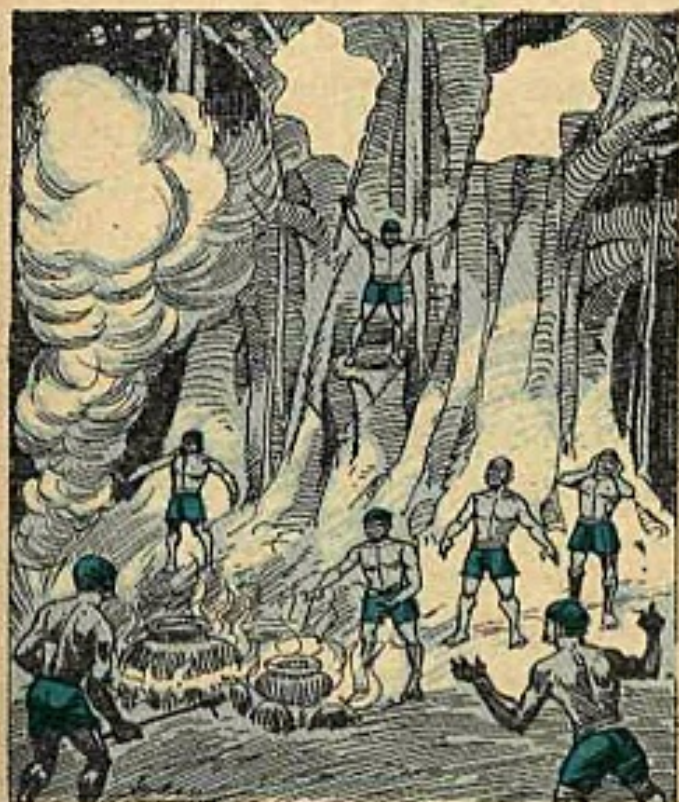
that the villagers were really scared, so he decided to try and find out the truth, for it certainly was not ghosts.

That night Subodh walked through the deserted village, and it was plain that though it was not late, everyone remained behind locked doors after darkness fell. As Subodh approached the old paddy fields, there was a large banyan tree alongside the path, and Subodh was amazed to see something white swaying among the branches. As he went closer to see what it was, the air was filled with screeching of inhuman laughter and ghastly howling that even made Subodh shiver.

Returning home, Subodh spent hours thinking about what he had seen and heard. Then he thought of a plan to outwit these ghosts.

The next day Subodh told the villagers he was going to a neighbouring village on business, and everyone begged him not to travel at night as it was far too dangerous.

Late in the afternoon Subodh set off, and when the village was well out of sight, he left the road and making his way across the fields, he came to the banyan tree, that appeared to



be the home of ghosts the night before.

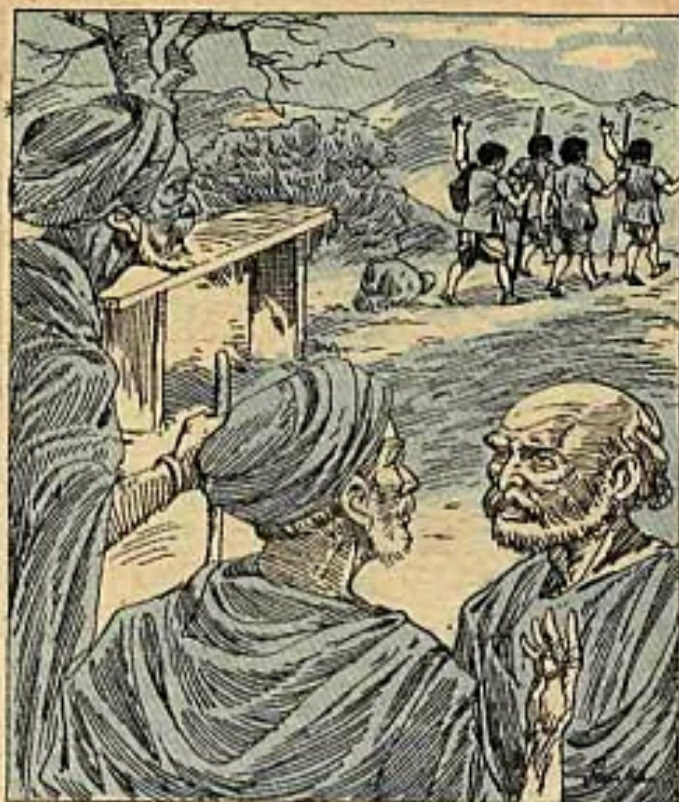
Looking around, Subodh saw there were quite a number of footprints, and the ashes of several fires. It was certainly not a meeting place for ghosts, thought Subodh, as he climbed the tree, and found himself a fairly comfortable perch where he would be well hidden from anyone below.

After what seemed endless hours of waiting, Subodh was sure he could hear voices below, and looking down through the branches, he could see figures with a dimmed light moving around.

One of the figures tied a white cloth to a long bamboo pole and began waving it to and fro; whilst the others set up an unearthly screeching and howling, enough to wake the dead.

After a while other figures joined the ones below, and then several of them with a good deal of effort, moved a large boulder near the foot of the tree. When the boulder was moved there was a pit underneath, into which the figures emptied sacks and bags they had with them.

Later, after a good deal of



whispering, the boulder was pushed back into its original position, and the figures melted into the night.

After waiting to be sure that all the 'ghosts' had gone, Subodh climbed down from his cramped perch, and made his way back to the village, happy that he could solve the problems of the villagers.

The next morning everyone was surprised to see Subodh still in the village.

"We thought you had gone away on business," said one.

"The only business I went on was to spend most of the night in the fields, to meet your ghosts," replied Subodh with a smile.

"But did you see any ghosts?" everyone seemed to ask the same question.

"Yes, I saw the ghosts," said Subodh. "And now I will take you to where they live."

At first the villagers would not budge, but after a little persuasion, they armed themselves with sticks and any implement that was handy, and at a distance, followed Subodh to the banyan tree.

"This is where your ghosts live," said Subodh, beckoning the men to gather round. "Look at all these ghostly footprints. And now the strongest of you, set to and move that boulder."

After considerable pushing and puffing, the boulder was moved, and in the pit below everyone gasped at the hoard of gold and silver ornaments, jewellery and other valuables.

"Now you can see," explained Subodh, "your ghosts were a band of robbers who frightened you away from the land, so that they could have a safe hiding place for their loot. Now we will go and explain everything to the King."

Subodh and the elders of the village went to the King and told him the story of the ghosts. The King sent his guards to collect the robbers' treasure, and announced that each man of the village was to be rewarded with sufficient gold to feed and clothe his family until such time as their land was again cultivated and harvested.

Needless to say the robbers were soon caught and hanged as a lesson to other 'ghosts.' And the village regained its former prosperity, although to this day, the villagers still refer to the fields as the haunted rice fields.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize
Winning captions will be featured in the December issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words, but the two captions should be related to each other.

- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

- ★ Entries must be received before 31st October, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard and be addressed to:
Photo Caption Competition,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest No. 2

The prize is awarded to A. R. Chandrasekaran
11, Ranganathan Street
T. Nagar, Madras 17

Winning entry—'a Test on Solution'—'a Solution on Test'



HOW TO DIVIDE

There were two brothers who, unfortunately, lost their mother when they were children. And then when the elder of the two was twenty and the younger brother fourteen, their father died. Now all that the father left his two sons, was a nice fat cow, a big coconut tree and a large rug.

The elder brother, who always prided himself on his cleverness, spoke to his brother one evening about the possessions their father had left them.

"Brother, we must divide everything equally, but we cannot cut the cow in two, nor can we chop the coconut tree or the rug in two. So what shall we do?"

The younger brother shook his head. "I do not know,

so I leave it to you to find an answer."

"That is clever of you," said his brother, with a smile. "Because I have already thought of a wise solution. You shall have the front half of the cow, and I will have the rear part. As for the coconut tree, you can have the bottom half and I will have the top half. Now that only leaves the rug, which you can use during the day, and I will use it during the night."

"It sounds alright to me," said the younger brother, without giving the matter much thought.

But the younger brother soon found out that this division of their possessions was rather one sided. For while he took the

cow out to graze each morning, his elder brother milked the cow every evening and kept the milk for himself.

It was the same with the coconut tree. The younger brother watered the tree every day, and the elder brother gathered the coconuts, which he sold in the market.

As for the rug, the younger brother kept it clean during the day, and the elder brother covered himself with the rug at night, whilst his brother shivered.

All this puzzled the younger brother at first, but after a time he began to get ideas of his own, which he felt would be fairer.

So the next evening, when the elder brother was milking the cow, the younger brother took a stick and gave the cow a good whack on the head. Immediately the cow

kicked out, and the elder brother, together with the milk pail, sailed through the air.

When the elder brother, drenched with milk, managed to stand up, he shouted at his brother. "Why did you do such a silly trick?"

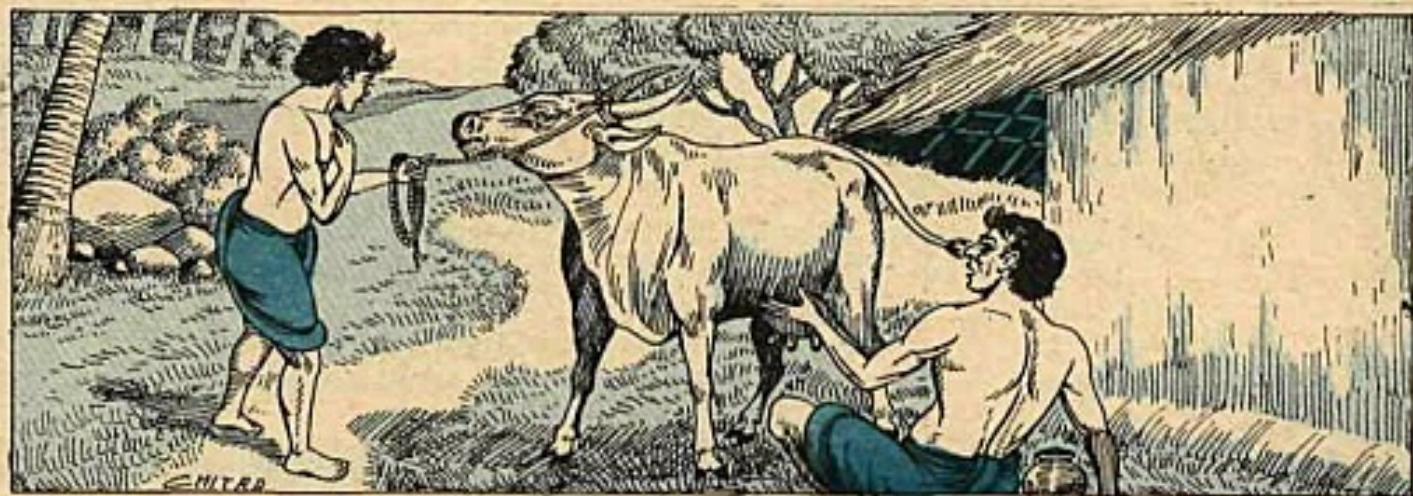
The younger brother just shrugged his shoulders. "You forget, the front half of the cow belongs to me."

"Well, in future do not hit the cow, and we will share the milk equally between us."

The next morning the elder brother climbed the coconut tree, and as he was picking the nuts, he happened to look down, and there at the foot of the tree was his brother with a great axe!

"Eh! what are you doing with that axe?" he shouted from the tree top.

"I am going to chop down my half of the tree for firewood,"



replied the younger brother, giving the axe a flourish.

The elder brother came down the tree as fast as twelve monkeys rolled into one. But before he reached the bottom, his foot slipped and he landed with a bang at his brother's feet.

Between his groans he managed to say, "Please brother, do not chop down the tree, and in future we will share the coconuts."

That night the sore and bruised brother decided to go to bed early. But the rug, it was soaking wet!

"What's the meaning of this," he shouted. The younger brother shrugged his shoulders. "You forget that during the day the rug belongs to me, and I have decided to wash it everyday."

The elder brother could only mutter. "From now onwards we will both cover ourselves with the rug every night!"

*The Editor and Staff of
English Chandamama wish all
readers a very Happy Diwali*

Here is a delightful idea for a Diwali gift. A year's subscription to English Chandamama. It would be so gladly welcomed, especially by those friends and relatives overseas. Just send your remittance, together with full postal address, to The Editor, Chandamama Publications, Vadapalani, Madras-26.

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STORY FROM RUMANIA

THE PALACE OF STEEL

Once there lived two young brothers who were well looked after by their father. They never had to do any work for a living and they never wanted for anything. They always thought that their father was a rich man, so it was a great shock when they were told one day the sad news that he had died—and had left no money at all.

"Poor father," sighed one. "He spent all his money on us."

"What a pity we did not know," said the other. "We could have found work and helped with the cost of every-

thing. Now, however, we really must find work to earn ourselves a living."

They set out with high hopes and called first at a blacksmith's.

"Good sir," they said. "Are you in need of help?"

"Yes, indeed," the blacksmith said a little eagerly. "I need plenty of help, because I am so very busy. Do you know how to make horseshoes?"

The two brothers looked puzzled.

"We are very sorry to say that this is the first time we have ever been inside a blacksmith's forge," said one.

The blacksmith sighed and



shrugged. "Then what do you expect me to do with you?" he asked. "Please go away and don't waste any more of my time."

The two brothers walked on. Soon they met a farmer.

"Just a moment, sir," they cried. "Do you need anyone to help you?"

"Yes, I certainly do," nodded the farmer. "This is seed-planting time and I can use all the men I can get. You know all about it, I suppose?"

The brothers shook their heads.

"No, we don't," they had to admit. "In all our lives we have never even touched a spade or a hoe."

"And yet you have the cheek to ask me for a job?" cried the farmer. "Get away from me!"

Crestfallen, the two brothers next called at the baker's.

"Mister baker, do you need help?" they asked.

"It is just what I am hoping for," replied the baker.

"People around here are always so hungry that I can never bake loaves fast enough. Are you good at baking bread?"

"No good at all," they had to admit, "but perhaps you could teach us how——"

"I have no time to waste on giving you lessons," interrupted the baker. "Go away and leave me to get on with my work."

In the next hour, the two brothers asked a miller, a tailor, a carpenter and an inn-keeper for work. But when these people learned that the brothers did not know how to do anything they sent them away.

Tired and sad, the brothers plodded on their way. They

walked and walked and walked for many miles, until they came to a huge palace, which was made of shining steel.

The door was wide open. They tip-toed inside and looked around in wonder. To their amazement, they saw great jars and bowls filled with gleaming jewels. There were millions of glittering diamonds, emeralds and rubies.

After making sure that nobody was watching them, the brothers filled their pockets with jewels.

"Now we are rich," said one, with a happy laugh. "We're the richest men in the world—and we did not have to work for our wealth."



Loaded down with the precious gems, they ran to get out of the steel palace, but the door was now closed. Though they hammered on it with their fists and pushed and kicked it, they could not get it open.

"We're caught, like rats in a trap," groaned one.

"Like rats in a trap," echoed the other.

They ran all over the palace, but found no other door opening to the outside world. In every room were heaps of jewels. There was nothing to eat—not a drop of milk or even a crumb of bread.



"We'll die here of hunger," sighed one. "There is no escape."

Time passed. Their anxiety became worse. They guessed that now it must be night-time, and they were tired with wandering around trying to find a way out.

"These jewels are heavy," said one.

"You're right," nodded the other. "What shall we do, then, with these useless riches? Let's put them back. Let's leave them where we found them."

This was agreed. They put the gems back, taking care to place the rubies with the rubies, the diamonds with the diamonds and the emeralds with the emeralds.

At once the young brothers were rewarded with a miracle. Moved by a strange force, the door of the steel palace opened and they ran through it shouting joyfully, "We're free!"

No longer did they feel hungry or tired. They sat down on a grassy bank and looked around in contentment. In that way they realised, for the first time, the true beauty of the world.

As they sat there, a strange



little man came to join them. "I am the servant of King Kaba," he explained. "King Kaba is also a magician. He owns the palace of steel. You must tell me all you know about it."

The two brothers, who had been brought up to always tell the truth, told him how they had been tempted in the palace of steel and how they had thrown the jewels away.

At this the little man burst out laughing. His eyes twinkled with merry fun.

"Yes, I know all about it, for I myself am King Kaba," he chuckled. "I admire people who are sincere and tell the truth, and for that you shall be rewarded."

Taking from his pocket two leather purses, he gave one to each of the astonished brothers.

"Make good use of these riches, my friends," he said, and as mysteriously as he had appeared, he vanished.

The two brothers blinked at each other. It was as though they had suddenly wakened up from a dream, but the purses in their hands proved that it had been neither a dream nor their imagination.

Inside the purses were jewels. When they got back to their village, the brothers sold them for a large sum of money.

This money they divided—some for the poor, some for the old, and some for those who were sick.

For themselves they bought a large piece of farm-land and learned how to cultivate it. Thus they knew of the happiness that goodness and honest work can bring.



Stories from **MAHABHARATA**

The story so far

King Pandu died early, and his elder brother Dhritarashtra, who was born blind, came to the throne, and brought up the five sons of Pandu along with his own hundred sons.

Yudhishtira, the eldest son of Pandu, was a man of truth, Bhima, the second son, was a stalwart fighter; and Arjuna the third son, distinguished himself above all the other princes in arms. The two youngest brothers, Nakula and Sahadeva, were twins.

Duryodhana the eldest son of Dhritarashtra, was insanely jealous of his cousins, the sons

of Pandu. He tried to drown Bhima in the hope that with Bhima out of the way, it would be simple to prevent Yudhishtira from claiming the throne.

All the princes live with the King at Hastinapura, and here they are trained by Drona, in the use of weapons and the tactics of warfare. Drona, who is a brahman warrior, has earned the bitter enmity of Drupada, King of Panchala.

The story of Ekalavya

In the great forests around Hastinapura, lived many important tribes. The chieftain's son of one of these tribes, was

named Ekalavya, who having heard of Drona's fame as a teacher of archery, went to Hastinapura feeling sure that Drona would accept him as a pupil.

Drona refused to take a mere tribal chief's son as one of his pupils, and although Ekalavya was bitterly disappointed, he still determined to become a great archer. So he made a life-size image of Drona in clay, and setting up this statue in a glade, he stood alongside it and practised with his bow. Such was his faith, that he soon became as skilled as any of Drona's pupils.

Then one day, the Pandava and Kaurava princes were out hunting in the forest close to where Ekalavya lived. One of their hounds, running far ahead, suddenly came upon this image of Drona, and decided that here was something it could attack. Ekalavya from a distance, saw what was happening and to save his 'tutor' from being demolished, let fly six arrows which all hit the dog symmetrically on each side of its muzzle.

The princes hearing the dog yelp with pain, and thinking it was being attacked by some



ferocious animal, made haste to the spot, but when they saw the dog, they seemed more concerned at the amazing marksmanship of the archer than the wounds of the poor dog.

Calling to Ekalavya, they asked him who he was and who taught him such mastery of the bow.

"Sirs," replied Ekalavya, bowing to the princes, "I am Ekalavya, the son of the chief-tain, and I am a disciple of Drona the great archer."

The princes were surprised that Drona should be teaching such a person, even though he was a tribal chief's son. But more so Arjuna, who was seeth-



ing with envy and anger, and when they got back to Hastinapura, he immediately confronted Drona and without a word of greeting, shouted, "You promised that none would ever excel me at archery. Yet today I met Ekalavya, one of your pupils, whose skill is equal to mine."

Drona was at a loss for words, and in the end demanded that Arjuna take him to meet this so-called pupil of his.

The next day Arjuna took Drona into the forest, and there in the same glade was Ekalavya shooting arrow after arrow with perfect precision. As soon as Ekalavya saw Drona, he threw

down his bow and rushed forward:

"O master! I am glad you have come," cried Ekalavya, "for I am your humble pupil."

"If that is so," said Drona, "What will the pupil give his master as a present?"

"Anything you may command, noble sir," replied Ekalavya.

"Then," cried Drona, "Give me your right thumb."

Without a word, Ekalavya drew out his sword and cut off his right thumb, and presented it to Drona.

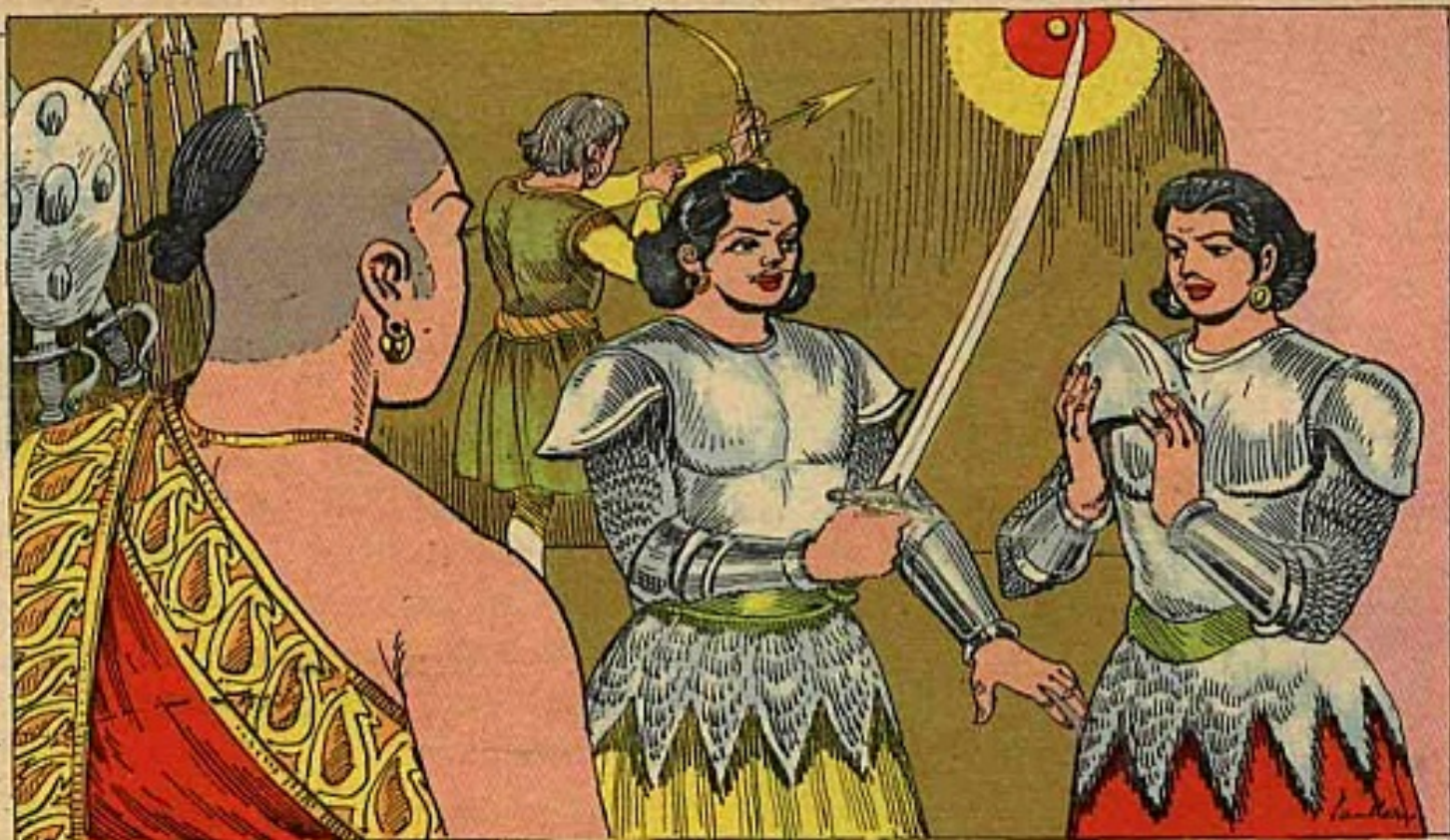
The Tournament

Drona strode into the audience hall, where Vedavyas, Bhishma, Vidura and Kripa were discussing matters of state with King Dhritarashtra.

Bowing to the King, Drona said, "Your Majesty, the princes are now trained in weapons and warfare. Let there be a tournament, so that they can prove their skill and valour."

"You have done well," replied the King, "By all means a tournament, let us fix a date and then proclaim it throughout the kingdom."

So an arena was built surrounded by pavilions for



the royal household and gaily bedecked tents for the nobles. When the festive day dawned, every vantage point around the arena was already packed by the common people, who had travelled from the four corners of the kingdom. A happy and jostling crowd, looking forward to seeing the noble princes in feats of arms.

Soon after the arrival of the King, the trumpeters sounded the commencement of the tournament, and then led by stately Drona, the princes marched into the arena.

Chariot races started the day. Then there were mock battles on elephants and horses which

drove the vast crowd into a frenzy of excitement.

A mock fight with maces between Bhima and Duryodhana soon developed into a deadly combat, each remembering the past tried to brain the other, until Drona stepped between them, and reminded the princes of the laws of chivalry.

The final item on the programme was an individual display of archery by Arjuna, and when he entered the arena, he was greeted by a deafening roar that could be heard for miles around.

Arjuna displayed matchless skill with his weapons and the vast assemblage was lost in



wonder and admiration. His prowess with the bow seemed superhuman. Targets the length of the arena were hit with perfect ease.

Duryodhana could scarcely hide the envy and hate he held for Arjuna. And then, when everyone thought the tournament was at an end, from the entrance came a clash of arms in challenge, and into the arena walked a godlike youth dressed in armour of gold. He looked proudly around him, and strode up to Arjuna. By the bitter irony of fate, and unknown to each other, they were brothers, for this was Karna, the first

born of the dowager queen Kunti.

Karna barely acknowledged Drona, and addressed Arjuna in a voice of pealing thunder; "Prince Arjuna, all the feats you have done, I can do much better."

Drona thought that this was an idle boast, but agreed to let Karna show what he could do. To the astonishment of everyone, Karna duplicated all that Arjuna had done with ease and precision.

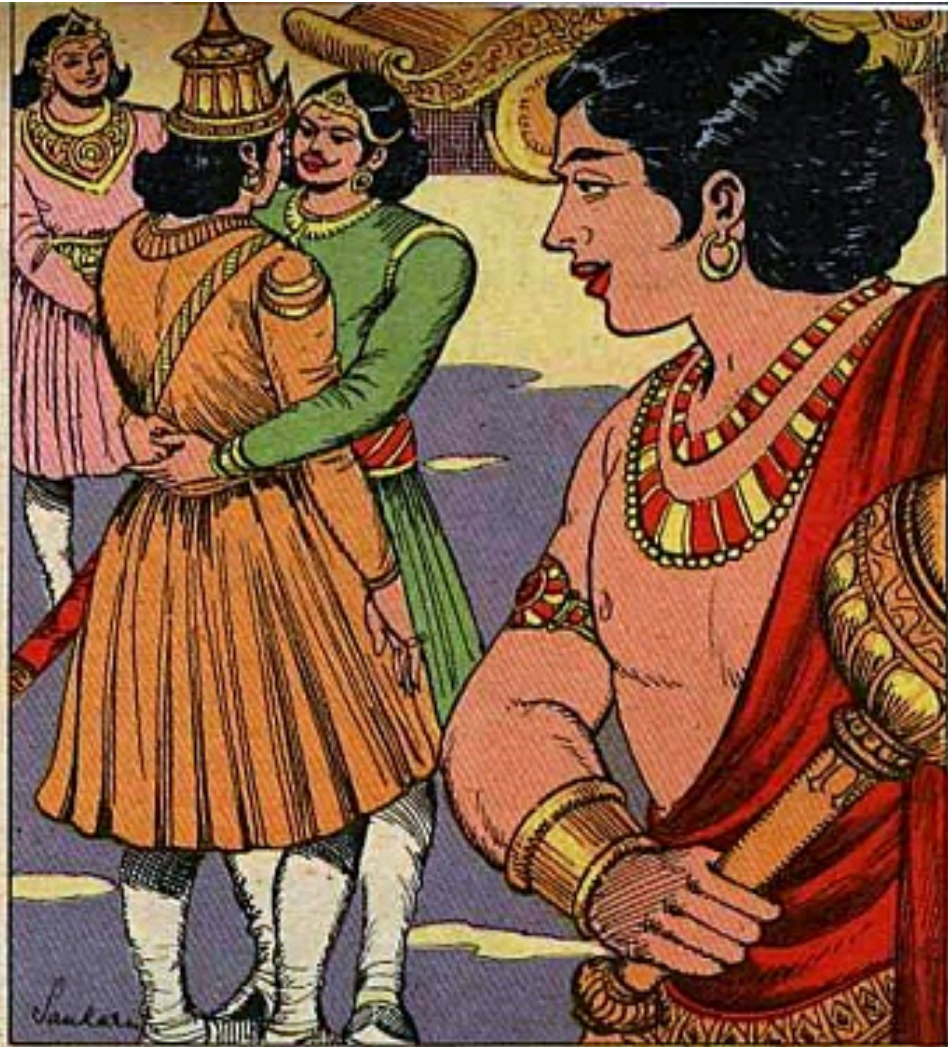
Duryodhana was overjoyed, and rushing into the arena, threw his arms around Karna; "Welcome great warrior, I and all this kingdom are at your command."

"I am grateful," replied Karna, "But only one thing I desire and that is single combat with Arjuna."

Arjuna, mad with anger, confronted Karna and in a contemptuous voice shouted: "You, who come here uninvited, shall die the death of a braggart."

The two combatants grasped their weapons, and as they were about to fight, Kripa, well versed in the laws of chivalry, stepped between them.

"Stop. The rules of single combat do not allow a prince



to fight with unknown adventurers." Then turning to Karna he said. "Speak up and name your parentage."

Karna hung his head in shame, but Duryodhana was not to be outdone: "If this combat cannot take place, merely because Karna is not a prince, that is easily remedied," Duryodhana said, and raised his arm high. "I hereby crown Karna King of Anga."

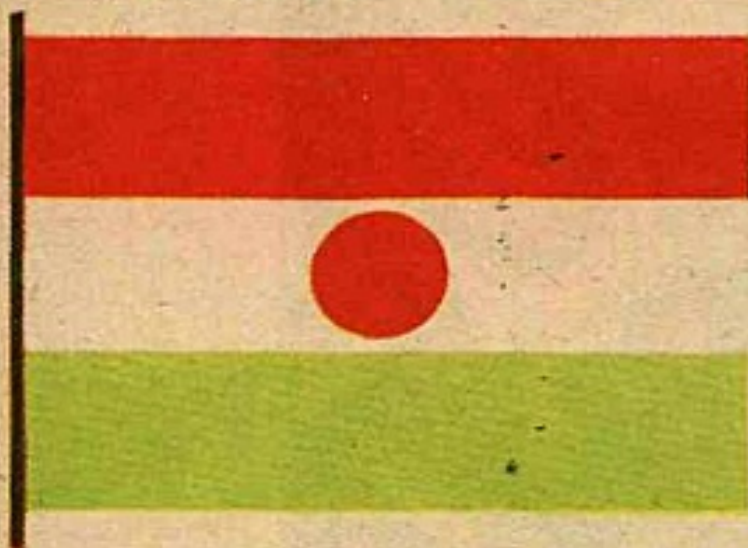
Having obtained the assent of his father, King Dhritarashtra, Duryodhana had a throne brought into the arena, and the

priests performed all the necessary rites and invested Karna with sovereignty of the kingdom of Anga.

All this time Kunti, sitting in the royal pavilion, had realised that Karna was her first born son, and she was stupified with anguish, not knowing what to do to stop her sons from fighting in mortal combat.

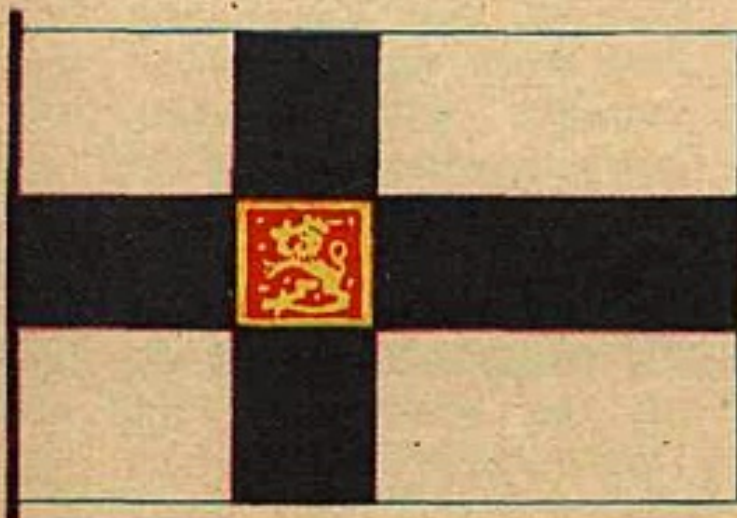
But then the sun had set and the trumpets sounded the end of the tournament, and so Duryodhana took Karna in his chariot and drove away.

WHAT ARE THESE FLAGS?



It is that of the Republic of Niger, a land-locked State of 484,000 square miles in West Central Africa. The French entered it in 1891, but the land was not fully taken over until 1914. Niger set up as a republic within the French group of nations in 1958, but two years later became entirely independent.

With the exception of the Union Jack, the flag shown on right is probably the most widely-recognised one in the world. It is the National flag of the United States of America. The blue corner (canton, as it is called) of the "star spangled banner" contains 50 stars, one for each State.



Here is the National Flag of Finland, a republic lying between Russia and Sweden. The blue of the cross is said to represent the country's lakes and the white ground is for its snow. The crowned lion is Finland's arms, a link with the time when the country was a grand duchy and allied to Russia in 1809. Finland became an independent country during the Russian Revolution in 1917.



THE GREATEST SACRIFICE

In far away Bhavanipur lived Jayadev, a rich merchant, who had three sons, named Jayapal, Vijaya and Jaya. These three sons were great personalities in looks and intelligence, and were admired and respected by everyone.

Every evening, the three brothers went horse riding, and they always saw to it that they passed the King's palace, in the hopes of catching sight of the beautiful princess, to whom all three had lost their hearts.

Jayadev sent for his sons one day, and told them that for generations it had been the unwritten rule in the family, that every son on reaching manhood, should go out in the world for one whole year. And on

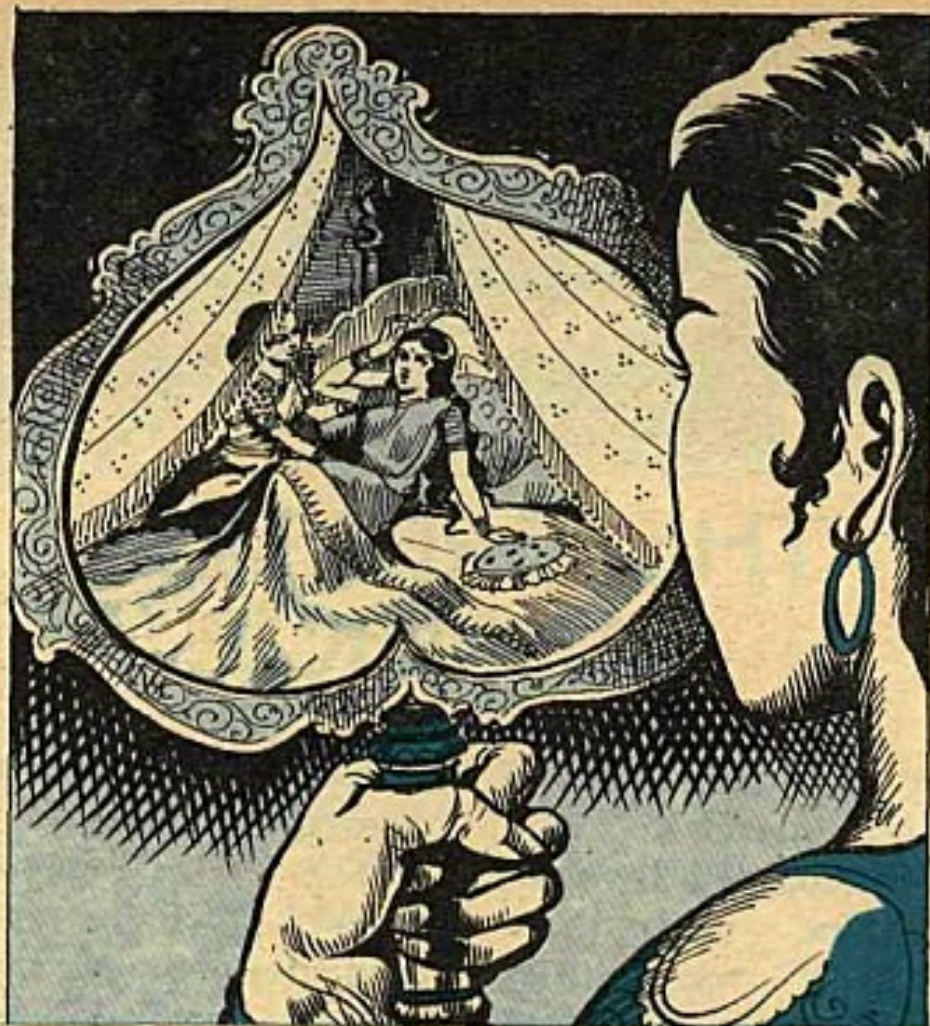
returning, each son had to bring something unique.

The sons touched their father's feet in reverence and said they would set out on their journey the following day.

Next morning, they rode off and towards the end of the day they came to a small town. Here they decided to stay the night, and agreed that at day-break each would go in a different direction, then after a lapse of one year meet again in this very town.

Well the year passed, and the brothers met as promised and each was bubbling with eagerness to tell the others of his adventures and what he had purchased.

"I have brought a magic



mirror," said Jayapal, the eldest, "You have only to think of a person, and immediately that person is reflected in the mirror."

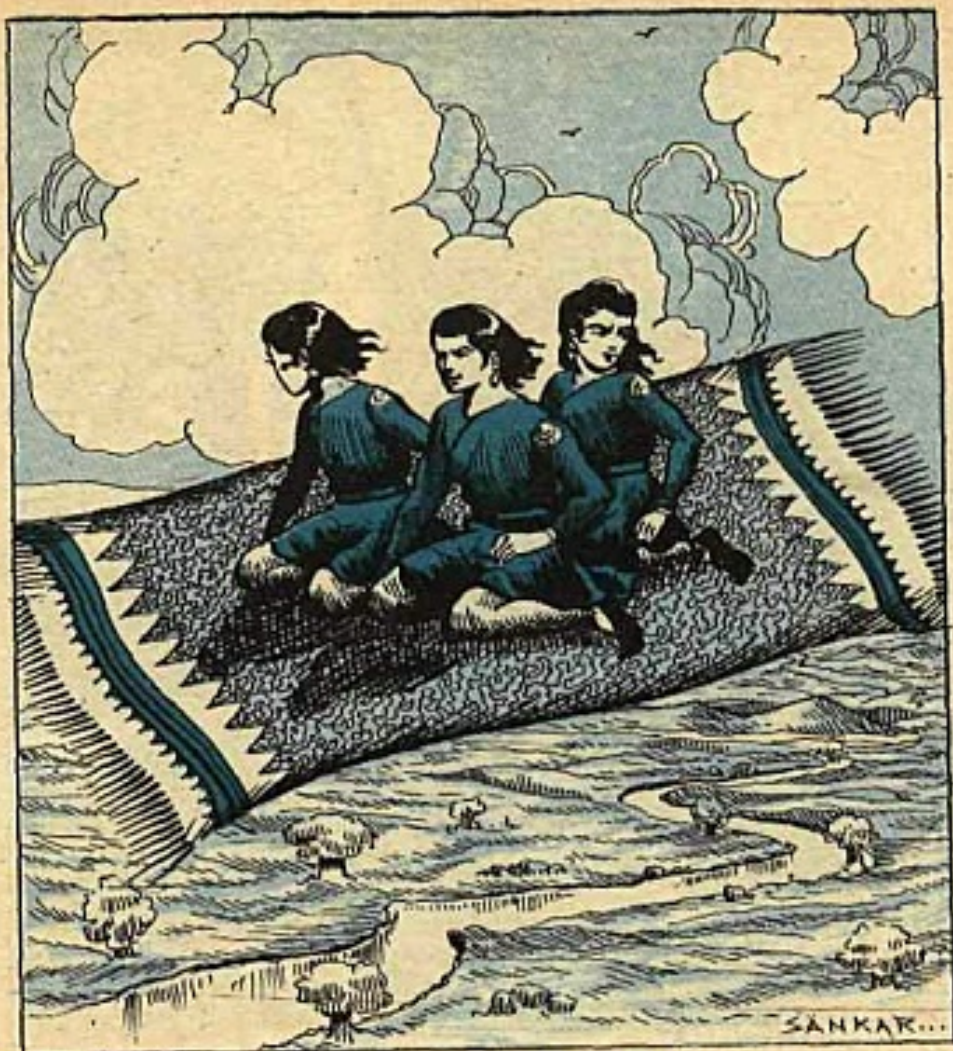
The other brothers immediately cried, "Then let us see our princess."

So they gathered round the mirror, and when the princess was reflected, they received a sickening blow. For their princess, lay on a bed looking desperately ill. At her side sat the king and queen, both aged with sadness.

The brothers were filled with despair. Then Vijaya explained, "We must go to the princess at once. I have brought a magic carpet. We have only to sit on it and say a few magic words, and the carpet will soar through the air, to wherever we want to go, with the speed of a thousand horses."

They were soon on their way, and as they passed over towns and villages, their thoughts were on the problem of bringing their princess back to health.

"Listen brothers," said Jaya,



"I have the answer. For from a holy man I obtained a fruit, and the juice of this one fruit will cure any illness, even bring a person back to life."

When they reached the palace, and told the King they could cure the princess of her illness, they were taken to her bedside. Jaya immediately squeezed the juice of his precious fruit into a goblet, and held it to the princess's lips.

When she drank the juice, a miracle occurred. The colour came back to her cheeks, and

the Princess sat up, and said how lovely it was to feel well again.

The three brothers left the palace, happy that they had been able to save the princess from death.

Later, a high official from the court called at Jayadev's house, and said that in accordance with a proclamation made by the King when the princess was first taken ill; the King had offered her hand in marriage to anyone who restored her to health.

As the three brothers were



all in love with the princess, they were eager to state their claims. Jayapal said that without his mirror, they would not have known the princess was ill. Vijaya protested that without his magic carpet they could not have reached her bedside in time: But Jaya said it was the juice of his fruit that restored her health.

The King could not decide which of the three brothers had given the greatest aid. His ministers were not much help

either; so it was left to the princess to decide.

The princess pondered for a while, then said, "All the brothers love me and each helped towards my recovery. But whereas Jayapal and Vijaya still have their mirror and carpet, Jaya willingly gave his solitary fruit for me. So he made the greatest sacrifice, and willingly I will marry him.

In due course, Jaya and the princess were married at the palace, and spent their lives in perfect happiness.

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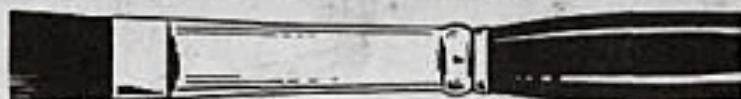
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